

Bro. H. ninety, Bro. I. one hundred and twenty, Bro. J. seventy-five, Bro. K. eighty, Bro. L. sixty.

'Is that a high or low estimate?' I asked, shutting up my book and placing it in my pocket.

'Well, I think I am safe in saying it is about right, but,' added the deacon, 'tell me what you put down those figures for in that little book you've just hid away in your pocket.'

'O,' I replied, 'I am just getting a few notes for my sermon to-morrow.'

'That answer isn't one bit satisfactory. Now I want you to tell me what you wanted those figures for.'

I said, 'Just wait a minute, deacon, and tell me who gave the sunshine and rain and such favorable weather for the wheat crop!'

'Why, the Giver of all good things, of course,' replied the deacon.

'Well, deacon, do you know what the promise is that secures well-filled barns?'

He could not 'call it to mind just then.'

Opening my Bible to the third chapter of Proverbs and ninth verse I read as emphatically as I could, 'Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the "first-fruits" of all thine increase; "so" shall thy barns be filled;' and quietly asked, 'Deacon, do you know the Lord has many children who read that "last fruits"?''

No answer was given. After a little meditation the old gentleman asked, 'Well, how much ought a Christian to give, anyway?'

I said to the good man: 'Suppose when I reach your house I take ten oranges from my satchel and say to your youngest daughter, "Here, Edna, are ten oranges. I want you to give me one back." Now what would you say if Edna refused to give me the one orange?'

'Why, I'd whip her if she didn't come straight to you and give you the largest one of all.'

'Well, now, deacon, do you think our Father has any children who need to be "whipped" for not giving him at least "one-tenth" of all he gives them in this world?'

'It does seem as if every child of God ought to be willing to give at least a tenth, but "they won't do it," and the good man said the closing words with truthful emphasis.'

'Now, deacon, I'll tell you why I put down those figures you so willingly gave concerning the wheat crop of your so-called poverty-stricken church;' and took my memorandum book from my pocket. 'I have asked nothing about the crops of corn, oats, potatoes, nor of the stock raised by these ten members of your church. Let the profits on them pay all the expenses of raising the wheat-crop, though you see that step is robbing the Lord of the "first-fruits." The number of acres of wheat planted by these ten members is eight hundred. You say the average number of bushels to the acre is at least twenty-five; that makes twenty thousand bushels, and the price of wheat at the station to which this wheat will be hauled in the next two weeks is one dollar and twenty-five cents, with a prospect of going higher. Now, that makes the amount of money which will come into the possession of these ten members, the nice little sum of "twenty-five thousand dollars"; and if they paid the Lord his tenth your treasury would have in it twenty-five hundred dollars with which to pay a number-one pastor and make liberal contributions to all our benevolent societies.'

'Old Neddy' turned into the roadway leading up to the well-managed farm of the deacon, who remarked as he took my satchel out of the 'shay:'

'Figures are awful stubborn things, and your mathematical calculation shows very plainly that we are not so poor as we like to make ourselves out to be sometimes. But let us go in and see if wife has that big pitcher of milk ready for the Sunday-school missionary.'—'Standard.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Waiting.

I'm waiting, waiting, waiting,
For the Lord to hear my cry;
I have cast my burden wholly
At His feet; there let it lie.
I will not chafe and worry,
I will believe His Word;
I'll work and do my duty,
For I know my prayer is heard.

When He answers I will tell thee,
So that thou canst trust Him too.
He has heard and answered ever,
What He whispers I will do.
It may be long in coming,
But He knoweth what I need,
And He ne'er forgets, no, never!
He will, He will give heed.

I could never, never trust Him
If He did not give me grace.
I never could believe Him,
I could never see His face,
If my faith was not all founded
On the grace that set me free.
Saviour, Father, Holy Spirit,
I trust, trust, trust in Thee.

—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL ON PROSPECTS AND PLANS.

The year having come to an end, Mr. Editor, I am venturing for the sake of those interested in our work to report to you a few of its closing events, as it is affecting our work in Labrador. As we believe there is no real reason to regret issues that are beyond our control, our only grievance is that there is nothing to complain of. The price of fish has fallen greatly, and that has impoverished not a little the earning capacity of our fishermen; they have received for their year's catch, which was larger in bulk than last year, no less than \$3,000,000 less. Naturally, this greatly curtails their purchasing powers, and as the nature of their calling necessitates their living closely, anyhow, this will involve a good deal of hardship this winter. The main trouble with us is that they say so little of it; we often only first discover the straits it has reduced some of our 'larger families' to when the children are themselves showing it in their faces. The boisterous gales of the late fall and the early onset of the winter frost have made things go unusually hard even with some of our own workers. The schooner 'Lorna Doone,' leaving with supplies for two of our Labrador stations, at Battle Hospital, and the new nursing station at Forteau, ran into a heavy easterly gale off Cape Sable. The seas proverbially bad, the phenomenal tide off the mouth of the Gulf of Fundy are of anything up to sixty feet causing nasty overfalls that are very dangerous to small vessels. While the little craft was running nicely under a three-reefed foresail, a steeper mountain of water than usual fell right over her, and washed the captain, my colleague of many years, over the lee rail. It is no child's play 'heaving a vessel to' with a free board of only three feet, but the mate from whose side the skipper was washed did so intuitively, receiving the full force of the following sea for his pains, which swept the schooner fore and aft. But beyond hearing one wild cry for a life belt, nothing more was known of our good friend's fate, and the staff of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen paid its twenty-fifth tribute of life to the insatiable waters. The mate, a youngster, who had never before been called on to command, safely worked the craft into Sydney harbor in Cape Breton. Another of our captains was sent over to take charge, and the voyage was continued into the face of the fast closing north. Alas, the delay of only a fortnight was all too long, and the schooner was last reported frozen into a harbor close to Cape Bauld, at the extreme north end of Newfoundland, unable to reach her destination this winter owing to ice. It seems the more unfortunate for she not only carried supplies, but all the household necessities for the new nurses' home. The nurse had herself gone earlier and was lodging in a fisherman's cottage, where she was nursing a poor fellow with a paralytic stroke. This new addition to our work is the outcome of a strange combination of circumstances. A young federal, invalided in the year of the battle of

Gettysburg, got stranded on this section of Labrador, while in pursuit of health, and but for the gratuitous hospitality of the settlers would have fared badly. He had offered some time ago to help that section, when we could suggest a rational method of doing so, so that all these years after he might have the satisfaction of discharging the debt. At first we were unable to help him. It so happened that later two nurses of Johns Hopkins Hospital, volunteered to do a summer's district nursing for us, with the result that the people in both districts unanimously petitioned that the service might be made permanent. The offer of a week's work a year from each family as a contribution toward up-keep in lieu of money—for, like Peter and John of old, they had none—was accepted because it came in the above section. We provided material and the people the work. The result is a nice little house; but, alas, empty, the last communication from the nurse being that she had abandoned the hope of the supplies, though they had no news of the vessel, and that she also abandoned a bed on the floor for a wooden truck built up in her bedroom. Cooking utensils were her most important need for the lard cans which she was substituting for saucepans have no promise of permanency. Luxuries she could not expect, but she was glad to report sufficient essentials to avoid any danger of starvation. These were contributions from her neighbors, on whom I fear they will be no little tax, even if they afford them the joy of service, for living with the nurse for training purposes are two girls and a boy—all being crippled. The boy an Eskimo having lost nearly all his ribs on one side consequent on neglected empyeme, and one girl, a half-breed, having lost both legs below the knees; the result of gangrene from frost-bite when a child, and then an amputation with her father's axe. Yet the nurse writes cheerily of her little family, as well as of her larger one, and looks forward with much pleasure to the experiences of the next seven months, until we can revisit her, we can now only wish her 'A Happy New Year.' Perhaps, a more really serious trouble will be that a large hired schooner the 'Britannia' with the winter stock for a Labrador co-operative store has met an exactly similar fate. The crew have had to walk ashore and work their way to their southern homes, leaving the vessel frozen into heavy ice. What the outcome of this will be, it is impossible to say. Two other schooners are yet unreported. One carrying a co-operative cargo of potatoes for three stores must spell monetary loss, for the temperature has been below zero even in the harbors, and that desirable vegetable suffers greatly from frost bite.

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' \$2.00; A Friend, R. B. G., New Glasgow, \$1.00; A. B., \$2.50; Helen and Douglas Smith, Toronto, \$1.00; Wood Bay Mutual Improvement Society, Man., \$10.00; 'No Name,' \$5.00; Langley and Skea Sabbath Schools, B.C., \$5.25; Mrs. Geddes, Grimsby, Ont., and the Misses Ferguson, Cayuga, Ont., \$3.50; Total... \$ 30.25
Received for the cots:—A Friend, R. B. G., New Glasgow, \$1.00; Langley and Skea Sabbath Schools, B.C., \$5.00; Mrs. Geddes, Grimsby, Ont., and the Misses Ferguson, Cayuga, Ont., \$3.50; Total... \$ 9.50
Received for the komatik:—Langley and Skea Sabbath Schools, B.C., \$5.00; Mrs. C. A. McLean, Fruitvale, B.C., \$1.00; Total \$ 6.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes... \$ 1,758.92
Total on hand Feb. 23... \$ 1,804.67

The amounts jointly credited to Langley and Skea Sabbath Schools were contributed by these schools as follows:—

Langley Sabbath School... \$10.00
Skea Sabbath School... 5.25

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.